King. March on, march on, since we are vp in armes,
If not to fight with forraigne enemies,
Yet to beate downe these rebles here at home.

Enter Catesby.

Cat. My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken,
That's the best newes, that the Earle of Richmond
Is with a mightie power landed at Milford,
Is colder tydings, yet they must be told.

King. Away towards Salisbury, while we reason here,
A royall battell might be wonne and lost.
Some one take order *Buckingham* be brought
To Salisbury, the rest march on with me.

Enter Darby, Sir Christopher.

Dar. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me,
That in the stie of this most bloudie bore,
My sonne George Stanley is frankt vp in hold,
If I revolt, off goes yong Georges head,
The feare of that, withholds my present aide,
But tell me, where is princely Richmond now?

Christ. At Pembrooke, or at Hertford-west in Wales.

Dar. What men of name resort to him?

S. Christ. Syr Walter Herbert, a renowned souldier,
Syr *Gilbert Talbot*, sir *William* Stanley,
Oxford, doubted Pembrooke, sir Iames *Blunt*,
Rice vp *Thomas*, with a valiant crew.
With many moe of noble fame and worth,
And towards London they do bend their course,
If by the way they be not fought withall.

Dar. Returne vnto my *Lord*, commend me to him,
Tell him, the Queene hath hartily consented
He shall espowse Elizabeth her daughter,
These Letters will resolue him of my minde,
Farewell. *Exeunt.*

Enter Buckingham to execution.

Buc. Will not king Richard let me speake with him?

Rat. No my Lord, therefore be patient.

Buc. *Hastings*, and Edwards children, Riuers, Gray,
Holy king Henry, and thy faire sonne Edward,
Vaughan, and all that haue miscarried,

If that your moodie discontented soul
Do through the cloudes behold this pr
Euen for reuenge, mocke my destruct
This is Allsoules day fellowes, is it not

Rat. It is my Lord.

Buc. Why then Allsoules day, is m
This is the day, that in king Edwards
I wisht might fall on me, when I was
False to his children, or his wiues allies
This is the day wherein *I* wisht to fal
By the false faith of him I trusted mos
This, this Allsoules day, to my fearefu
Is the determinde respite of my wrong
That high all seer that *I* dallied with,
Hath turnd my fained praier on my h
And giuen in earnest what *I* begd in j
Thus doeth he forse the sword of wic
To turne their points on their maister
Now Margarets curse is fallen vpon
When he quoth she, shall split thy he
Remember Margaret was a Prophe
Come sirs, conuey me to the blocke c
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame t

Enter Richmond with drums a

Rich. Fellowes in armes, and my
Bruisd vnderneath the yoake of tyra
Thus farre into the bowels of the lan
Haue we marcht on without impedi
And here receiue we from our Fathe
Lines of faire comfort, and encoura
The wretched, bloudie, and vsurpin
That spoild your sommer-field, an
Swils your warme blood like wash,
In your inboweld bosomes, this foul
Lies now euen in the center of this
Neare to the towne of Leycester as
From Tamworth thither, is but one
In Gods name cheare on, couragio
To reape the haruest of perpetuall

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22317) LONDON, 1605 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute